

on a social basis

Ken Colville, Jr. (V.P. and Treasurer of the Hendrick Company) and his family; (3) John is a frequent visitor to the Rebecca Colville mansion -- 8 Hendrick Lane -- the most prestigious address and residence in town; (4) John is a vice president of the Historical Society and a recognized public lecturer on railroads and other topics (I'm sure that John's father frequently has to explain to his circle -- "No, that's my son who gave the following press descriptions of CHS & M lectures) which are written up in the paper) lecture on the Gravity Railroad..." More, among others, are 4 of the pills that John's father has to swallow. John's father is squarely / firmly / hopelessly / irrevocably locked "in the mud" -- John is not. John's father will never forgive John his ability "to take wing," as it were, and to soar in realms that the father can never enter. In some instances, John's father does not ^{recognize} and can not even conceptualize ^{if you please} the world in which his son freely enters. Well, enough of all this venting of my spleen. What troubles me about this most recent fight entre JOB and his father is the fact that John seems to be placidly taking it all in his stride. Somehow it seems to me that he should be fighting back, but he is not. I don't understand. Does he enjoy the fight perhaps? I said to John this afternoon at City Hall: "It seems to me that I understand about 3/4 of JOB, but there is 1/4 that I am not understanding." JOB: "It was a fight. It's over and done." SRP: "How did the fight end? Did you shake hands or what?" JOB: "We shook hands?" SRP: "Did you ever agree to make concessions? What were the terms of peace / surrender?" JOB: "We agreed to try to understand each other." Again, that makes me angry. John's father will never try to understand JOB. JOB is much too